Opera Escapade

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/28511517.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Rimming, Public Sex, Bathroom Sex, Age Difference, Anal Sex, Anal Fingering, Mirror Sex, I am such a hoe for them doing anything at the opera so of course I had to write something, Alternate Universe, Bottom Will Graham, Top Hannibal Lecter, Daddy Kink
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of A Night at the Opera
Stats:	Published: 2021-01-02 Words: 3,416 Chapters: 1/1

Opera Escapade

by feralwillgrhm

Summary

AU where 18-year-old Will meets Hannibal at the opera and they end up getting familiar with each other very quickly.

Notes

Hello all!

I based this fic off of a small Twitter thread I posted after I got inspiration from a couple of Mads & Hugh photos: https://twitter.com/feralwillgrhm/status/1338248808136892419?s=20

Come say hey to me on Twitter @feralwillgrhm :)

Enjoy this filth.

Will couldn't have been less enthusiastic for the plans his parents had for him that evening if he had tried. He usually spent a Friday night splayed out on his friend's bed smoking and drinking, which was his regular weekend since recently turning eighteen and insisting that he could do what he wanted now.

But Will's parents were very keen on dragging him along to the opera to try and open his eyes to the arts and see what he was really missing. He rolled his eyes and came off as stroppy which wasn't new, but he grumbled an agreement to get them to stop pestering him. The family were certainly well-off, but this was the first time he'd been roped into something like this.

"Do I really have to wear this, though?" He stared at the unrecognisable reflection in the mirror. Will was in a tight-fitted tuxedo which he never thought he'd be seen dead in and his hair was styled in a neat manner. Turning to the side, he did see however it framed his backside nicely.

"It's the opera, Will. We don't dress casually for it." His dad remarked, smiling at how smart his boy looked. "You suit it and I wish you would dress formally more often."

"Yeah, yeah, in your dreams Dad."

An hour later, their taxi pulled up at a very large concert hall, teeming with a lot of men in suits and ladies in sparking, over-the-top dresses outside mingling before the big event began. Will felt out of place because he seemed to be the youngest there by quite a few years.

"God I need a drink." Will muttered under his breath, hoping the night would go quickly.

"Take it all in Will, this one will be truly something to remember." His mum stated as they walked into the beautiful lobby, flashing their expensive tickets to one of the ushers.

As they made their way to their seats which were fairly close to the stage, Will awkwardly mumbled "sorry" as he clambered through the tiny gaps between the people and seats in front, bashing into them along the way. He gained a few tuts and wished he could reply with a middle finger.

He was almost at his seat when he tripped up on someone's foot, grabbing the first thing that came into contact with him which was a stranger's knee to keep him upright. He looked up to see an older man looking at him but he didn't seem annoyed; instead he was smiling.

"Uh, sorry about that." Will flushed slightly as he finally settled in his seat next to the man, his parents claiming the next two seats. Typical, he tries to act normal but instead sticks out

like a sore thumb at a prestige event like this and embarrasses himself in front of a good-looking man who certainly filled out his suit well. Not that Will was looking.

“It’s alright. Your first time?” The man had an unfamiliar accent, but his voice made Will shiver.

He nodded, letting out a weak laugh. “You could tell then?”

“I don’t normally see people as young as you here but it’s refreshing to see. The Magic Flute is a truly wonderful show, one of Mozart’s finest in my opinion. You are a lucky boy.” The man’s eyes twinkled, clearly passionate about opera.

“So my parents keep telling me.” The man’s eyes lingered on him as Will turned his head back towards the large stage. It was nice that he made an effort to talk to Will as a lot of people here would probably turn their noses up at him. He was handsome and Will would much rather focus on him than the impending show, but he had to make an effort to concentrate for his parents to get their money’s worth.

The lights dimmed and the show began, beautiful voices echoing through the hall and people gracing the stage in magnificent outfits. Will could see why it satisfied everyone’s expensive tastes as they watched on with glee.

Will on the other hand, struggled to keep up and could feel himself zoning out now and again. It wasn’t his fault - why did no one tell him it was in German? However, it seemed like he wasn’t the only one not paying full attention.

Out of the corner of his eye, he could see the older man looking at him again. He should feel uncomfortable, but instead he could feel himself smiling and a thrill running through his veins.

At the ripe age of eighteen, he never got much attention in comparison to his friends and had yet to commit to a relationship, so he was pretty inexperienced in that department, apart from drunken quick fucks at parties which were far from satisfying. He tended to be the one that gave and foreplay wasn't focused on much. This made a nice change that a pair of eyes were on him for once, and suddenly he was thanking his parents in his mind for dressing him in this tight suit and bringing him along.

As the opera got increasingly dramatic, the excitement seeped into Will and he got a rush of confidence, wanting to play into this sudden curiosity hat the man initiated. He spread his legs, making himself more comfortable and made sure his thigh graced the man’s own leg. He felt warm and strong and Will had to stifle a gasp when he pushed back into his touch. He definitely didn’t expect retaliation like this.

How long was it until the interval? He wanted more but couldn’t draw attention to themselves. His arms gripped the seat handles tightly as the air between them became thick.

It was suffocating and he started to feel blood rush south. God, he needed some air, or the man's hands on him, or both.

After what felt like hours and a heavy restraint to not clamber into the man's lap, the house lights came up and applause spread through the hall.

"Incredible isn't it?" His mum turned to him, her face full of joy.

"Yeah. Yeah, it is. I'm just going outside for a bit of air, it's stifling in here." She frowned at his sudden need of escape but didn't question him.

"Well don't be too long, they won't let you back in if you're late." Will nodded, turning around to face the man who looked up at him and gave him a suggestive look before making his way out of the row.

He hoped to god the man had gotten the message and figuring out he'd just need to hang back or his parents would get suspicious. The cold air calmed him down but he could feel he was still a bit flushed.

As he stood on the steps leading up to the hall, he heard footsteps behind him but couldn't tell who they were until they spoke. "Enjoying the show then?" His voice was velvety, like a smooth hot chocolate and he would beg him to whisper sweet nothings in his ear if that didn't come off as desperate.

Will's heart rate immediately sped up, turning to look up at him at the top of the stairs. The man's cheekbones were highlighted from the shadow of him looking down and it made him look even more gorgeous. He belonged in a piece of artwork. Will felt his mouth go dry. "Well there's one show I'm enjoying more than the other."

"I have to agree with you." The man came down the stairs and stood flush beside him. "You are very distracting." He brought up a hand to rub his thumb on Will's chin. The touch felt electric and god did Will want more. He was captivated, looking into the man's dark eyes and blushing at the attention.

"Do you do this often? Picking up young boys at the opera?" Will suddenly felt more confident, not wanting the night to end without the man's hands on him in other places. More intimate ones.

The man chuckled. "No my dear boy, you're the first to catch my eye. You're not opposed to this though, are you?"

Will shook his head, not long from asking him to fuck him there are then. "God, you're probably as old as my parents. And I don't even know your name."

"See it as me having years of experience. And my name is Hannibal, for when you're shouting it very soon."

“Fuck. I’m Will by the way.”

The tension was so strong between them that something had to be done about it soon. Hannibal took the boy’s hand and led him back upstairs. “I hope you don’t mind missing the second half.”

“Oh, you are doing me a favour here Hannibal.”

He had no idea where Hannibal was taking him, but the idea of hooking up with a stranger at such an upper class event had him very aroused. The second half must’ve already started amidst their heated conversation as none of the audience were in sight.

Will was dragged into a pristine bathroom with a mirror spanning the full length of it. He got pushed up against the sinks and Hannibal’s mouth was on his quickly, placing a hand on Will’s neck as he devoured him. Will moaned as this is what he had been waiting for. It was delicious and also felt so dirty, getting off with a man more than twice his age and his parents were in the hall probably wondering where the hell he was.

His cock was getting hard quickly and as they kissed, he pushed his hips into Hannibal’s for friction and felt he was hard too.

Anyone could walk in on them as there was no lock on the door and this spurred Will on even more, bringing a leg up to hook around Hannibal’s hip and grind against him. Hannibal took this as a hint to start removing some clothes.

They were both panting and in a heavy state of arousal. “Please Hannibal.” Hannibal’s long fingers quickly undid Will’s trousers as Will imagined them inside them, focusing on how long they were.

“Patience my dear boy.” As his boxers were pulled down in a swift movement, his erection stood up against his tuxedo suit. He didn’t even care at this moment if it got ruined, he was too desperate to get Hannibal’s cock inside him.

He turned Will around so they were both facing the mirror, Hannibal crowding him from behind. “You are gorgeous. I cannot wait to ruin you and you will watch as I do so.” He whispered in Will’s ear. Will already looked debauched, so god knows what he would look like after this. “Bend over for me, love.”

He watched as Hannibal disappeared from the reflection behind him, and felt his cheeks being parted. The wait was agonising. “Pl- oh god.” Will gripped the sink in front of him as he felt Hannibal’s tongue lap at his hole. He’d never done this before and wondered why

because it felt incredible. Hannibal was obviously enjoying it too, as his moans radiated through Will, savouring the taste of him.

His tongue mapped every bit of Will's intimate area, his nose pressed to his skin as he was buried deep between his cheeks. He could do this all day if he could. Will's cock was trapped between the sink and himself, definitely leaking onto the expensive suit. He moved his hips to rut against the cool ceramic but Hannibal noticed, wanting him to slow down and placed his hands on Will's hips. "Please Hannibal- I want to come so bad."

Hannibal leaned back onto his heels, spit covering his chin from devouring Will and relishing in his musky, moreish taste. "You will not come until I am inside you."

Will let out a small whimper in reply to Hannibal's order, his hole clenching and eager for his thick cock. Hannibal stood up, legs wobbling slightly from kneeling on the hard flooring but it was worth it. He took his fingers and traced them up and down between Will's cheeks, gathering some of the wetness.

"Does this excite you, Will? That anyone could walk in at any moment and see a man old enough to be your father fucking you?" Hannibal snarled, the heat of this moment riling him up and taking in the flushed state the boy was in.

Will pushed back against Hannibal's fingers, panting as he wanted nothing more than to be penetrated right now. "Ah- please."

"Answer me."

"Yes! I love it! I get off knowing that someone could be listening right now or- or that they could walk right in and see this."

"My, my. An exhibitionism at heart. All the more reason to make you scream."

"Fuck me Hannibal. Come inside me." Will begged, getting more antsy.

Hannibal leaned over and put two fingers inside Will's mouth which he eagerly sucked and ran his tongue around them. "Yes that's it, get them nice and wet for me." Will moaned as he let spit run down his chin, getting carried away in the heat of the moment.

He rubbed the fingers over Will's hole, the boy gasping at his sensitivity. He fingered himself from time to time but to have another man's fingers touch him this intimately? It was a first for him and definitely not the last.

Hannibal inserted a finger, moaning at the tight, velvety heat of Will taking him easily and thrusting it in and out at a steady pace. The repetitive grunts coming from Will confirmed that he was enjoying it just as much as Hannibal was.

“More, Hannibal. Please.” Sweat was clinging to Will’s forehead as he begged. He didn’t know how he’d lasted this long but he tried to keep it together after Hannibal telling him to do so.

Another finger slid inside him and Hannibal upped his pace, feeling the strain in his arm as he fucked him relentlessly with his fingers. It was raw and positively filthy; Will a forbidden fruit in this society but Hannibal couldn’t get enough.

“I need your cock in me before I come.”

“You have managed to keep yourself together for me well, boy. Your wish is my command.”

Hannibal’s cock was straining hard against his trousers and he hissed once he pulled his boxers down and let it stand up against his shirt and suit jacket. Will turned to look, his mouth watering at Hannibal’s thick girth, desperate to feel it press against his walls and leak inside him. He wanted to not be able to sit down properly for days.

“You like what you see?” Hannibal raised an eyebrow, smirking at the dazed look on Will’s face as he visibly thirsted over his cock. Will nodded and went back to bending over the sink, presenting his wet hole to Hannibal.

“I don’t have any condoms on me, do you mind?”

“I’m clean, honestly. I couldn’t let you walk away without fucking me anyway.”

“Gagging for it, aren’t we?” The older man chuckled but in reality, he had to fuck him or he’d regret it.

Hannibal rubbed his spit-slicked cock over Will’s entrance before slowly pushing in, the boy letting out a satisfied moan as he felt Hannibal fill him right up. This was unlike anything he had felt, full to the brim as the man bottomed out and groaned.

They look intensely at each other in the mirror, taking in how ruined they both looked. Will’s pupils were blown, the spit was drying on his chin and his styled hair was all over the place. Hannibal had never seen such a beautiful sight and wanted to ruin this boy over and over and bathe in his sweet moans.

“Move, please.” Will pushed back again. He got bratty when he wasn’t getting what he wanted.

“You want me to move, huh? Well, seeing as you asked so nicely.” Hannibal grabbed a tuft of Will’s hair and pulled him back, displaying a sinful arch in his back and quickly fucking into him. The friction was delicious, mixed with the sweet, sharp pain of the man holding onto Will’s locks for dear life.

“Shit, yes. I’m not gonna last long-” Both of them watching each other in the mirror added to the intensity and Hannibal made a mental note to add mirrors to sex more often.

“I want you to feel me for days.” The noise of Hannibal’s hips slapping against Will echoed through the bathroom and could surely be heard outside. For their benefit, they did hope someone was there.

“Fuck, fuck, I’m gonna come. Make me come.” Will babbled. Hannibal took his hand that wasn’t in Will’s hair and put it on his cock, jerking him for only a couple of seconds before he spilled all over his hand and the sink. Will let out the most beautiful noise as he climaxed, Hannibal wishing he could have it on tape.

Will’s hole clenched around Hannibal’s cock as the boy collapsed over the sinks, overwhelmed by it all as Hannibal continued to thrust.

Will got sensitive quickly, whimpering at Hannibal’s steady pace, hoping he would come soon. The boy’s cheek dragged back and forth over the cool marble.

“Come inside me. Make me a mess, daddy.” The last word slipped out in the haze of Will’s arousal, not sure if it would go down well and was anxious to hear Hannibal’s reaction.

The man let out a guttural moan as he spilled inside Will, not expecting the boy to call him that. “Fuck. You amaze me, Will.” Will looked at him in the reflection as he felt Hannibal slowly pull out. The wetness of his come leaking out of him made Will moan.

“I didn’t-”

“Call me it again.” Will straightened himself up, the wetness sliding down his thighs and drying quickly. He turned and looked up at the man who was a debauched mess and he’d be wrong to say that he wouldn’t be begging him to fuck him again imminently.

Will smirked and seductively looked at him through his eyelashes. “Thank you, daddy.”

Hannibal pulled him in for another heated kiss. He couldn’t get enough of Will and longed for his taste to stay in his mouth. Their cocks were still hanging out and there was a mess of bodily fluids on them and on the sink, but they didn’t care.

“I could just eat you up.”

Will blushed again under the sheen of sweat covering his face. “I mean, you just did but I wouldn’t say no to that again.”

Hannibal’s hungry eyes conveyed he would happily devour Will’s ass again too. “As much as I would love to right now, I feel like your parents would be worried sick.” Hannibal’s concern didn’t show though as he smiled.

“Oh, whatever will I tell them where I have been? I can’t exactly say “A man was eating me out and fucking me in the bathroom.” Although I would love to see their faces if I did.”

“As would I.”

They put themselves together as best as they could, wiping the come from their jackets and trying to not make it obvious what they were doing in the vicinity as they approached the foyer.

Will wished he could walk out of the hall with Hannibal hand in hand and he had the feeling the man felt the same. As they exchanged parting words, Will suddenly felt awkward, not knowing what to say.

“I- uh- thank you, Hannibal. You certainly saved me from the boredom that was the opera.”

“It isn’t as boring as you think. If you focus and take it all in, you’ll understand.”

Will laughed. “Well, if I didn’t have an attractive man sitting beside me, maybe that could’ve happened.”

Hannibal nodded in agreement. “At least let me make it up to you and take you to a show at some point.”

“How can we guarantee that it won’t be a repeat of this?” Will teased. “But yeah, okay, I’d like that a lot.”

Hannibal wanted to linger but couldn’t possibly get caught by Will’s parents. He departed after giving Will his number, the boy thrilled at what could be in store for them.

As the show ended, he desperately tried to make up a decent excuse to tell his parents where he was whilst Hannibal’s come leaking from his hole which wouldn't let him forget about their spontaneous exchange. No matter the punishment, it was worth it.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!